

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "4 More"

(Never gonna give up on you)  
We gonna do it like this  
(Just a little bit)  
Like that  
(just a little bit)  
Zhane  
(just a little bit)  
De La  
(just a little bit) c'mon

*[Chorus:]*

I'll never give you up  
No, I'll never stop  
Keep it comin'  
Keep on comin' 4 more *[x2]*

It's that brown man from long islandin' shores  
Got a way with women, so I get away with yours  
Because you're whole game's outdated  
Which leaves all the pretty women heavily sedated

Mummy you can play your ripley's  
Or believe it or not  
I shoot gift like heron  
With skills of gil-scott  
Nights like sir lancelot can get heated  
Prescribin' your vibe, love,  
I know how you need it

*[Chorus: x2]*

I like to mingle sometimes  
So I head out of state to find a couple of dimes  
But a government rate can't settle for no nickels  
Even pennies for thought for short  
I need connections  
With big bank selections  
Securing all the sections  
With sing-sing corrections  
Seedin' like nature, escapin' like gas  
Tell me how long this love is gonna last  
Thinkin' fast might spoil somethin'  
Turn a *[?]* to nothin'  
*[?]* to your lady is special  
Seen a bigger picture on the screen  
But you're a movie, you move me  
You soothe me like holidays, getaways

The brochure said do it  
So true  
It's not a hold hand mission  
Cut the public display  
Heard you're headed for the stars  
Put the gazers away  
Mine times out of ten  
We cut to good friends  
But when we on the tenth  
We gotta go the length  
I'm not a playa  
Yet i get more play  
Than a talk show shown  
Cross the USA  
Have em' moanin' out the vowels sounds  
Ooh, eei, and aahh  
And how by now you should know me and my  
Do members of the opposite sex  
Have their boyfriend screaming out  
We got more techs  
Than that ball team in georgia  
(Yo, he said he's comin for ya)  
All because the ho wanna go to the casbah

*[Chorus: x2]*

You can get with  
Some of these women  
Some of the time  
When your face is in the light  
*[?] stirred with lime*  
Is it a crime  
To set your mind to death?  
Resuscitated  
See how many brain cells left  
I feel your body's drawn to my positive  
Don't even want a baby  
If it's that easy to give  
I live right around the corner  
Three states away  
Take a holiday  
Come check me  
Watch how I set the  
Mood, check a movie on the tube  
Get your belt mad loose like lee  
Phone's turned way down  
To avoid the beef  
Or the questions  
If she's the only one gettin' lessons  
You're into crime faces, huh?  
Well i'll play your capone  
Suzy q got the grill  
To make the cake chrome

Situation's gettin absurd  
Hot on a plat  
So work the format  
See how we do that?  
And you're figurin  
We love on the rock  
I'ma keep it up front  
To maintain the stock  
Displayin all the goodies  
From your knuckle to knees  
Make it hot like the island degrees  
Now that's special

*[Chorus:]*